

finest Shakespearean scholar in America, and editor of the "Variorum Shakespeare/" which Henry considered the best of all editions—"the one which counts." It was in Boston, I think, that I disgraced myself at one of Dr. Furness's lectures. He was discussing "As You Like It" and Rosalind, and proving with much elaboration that English in Shakespeare's time was pronounced like a broad country dialect, and that Rosalind spoke Warwickshire ! A little girl who was sitting in the row in front of me had lent me her copy of the play a moment before, and now, absorbed in Dr. Furness's argument, I forgot the book wasn't mine and began scrawling controversial notes in it with my very thick and blotty fountain pen.

"Give me back my book ! Give me my book !" screamed the little girl. "How dare you write in my book !" She began to cry with rage.

Her mother tried to hush her up: "Don't, darling. Be quiet! It's Miss Ellen Terry."

"I don't care ! She's spoilt my nice book ! " I am glad to say that when the little girl understood, she forgave me ; and the spoilt book is treasured very much by a tall Boston young lady of eighteen who has replaced the child of seven years ago ! Still, it was dreadful of me, and I did feel ashamed at the time.

I saw "As You Like It" acted in New York once with every part (except the man who let down the curtain) played by a woman, and it was extraordinarily well done. The most remarkable bit of acting was by Janauschek, who played Jacques. I have never heard the speech beginning "All the world's a stage" delivered more finely,

not even by Phelps, who was fine in the part.

Mary Shaw's Rosalind was good, and the Silviuș (who played it, now ?) was charming.

Unfortunately that one man, poor creature (no wonder